

THE
SWAN

A. McG.

UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

MAGAZINE

1990

Front cover design: Ashley McGrath LVI

Back cover design: Stuart Meeuwissen 4MI

FROM THE HEADMISTRESS:

This is a very exciting time for Education.

We are beginning to implement the National Curriculum and we now administer our own finances.

We are very positive about our future. We have a solid tradition of academic excellence upon which to build.

Just recently we came across some records dating back to the early history of the School. We have records and photographs of both teachers and pupils. In reading these what strikes us is that today's staff are as dedicated as those of the past. We have pictures showing pupils participating in different activities such as sport.

Today's students work hard and we provide a teaching environment where they can learn effectively. Perhaps some aspects of learning have changed - we are currently building our links with Europe: pupils use computers: and we welcome many visitors from Industry who assist the staff in their teaching - but the ethos of the school lives on.

Mrs. M. Lenton

FROM THE EDITOR:

My experience with school magazines has, until this year, been nil. The School I went to, although it had some twelve hundred minds to draw on, most of which were quite fertile, did not consider it necessary to gather together the creative fruits of the pupils' ideas, thoughts and experiences in one volume. This is a source of regret to me now as I cannot pick up that volume and discover, for example, that the boy I sat next to in IVL, currently serving five years for aggravated assault, once wrote a poem entitled "The Laughing Policeman."

But the monitoring of personality changes apart, I feel that a School magazine is a necessary event in the course of any school year. Furthermore, that magazine should provide a record of both the major events within the school year and the cream of the literary and artistic work produced by the pupils during that year. Thus, my criteria for the inclusion of articles, poems and drawings has been that they are interesting, well-written and well-drawn.

I hope to produce two magazines over the course of the next academic year. I would like to think that I can harness the enthusiasm and commitment of a team of pupils who will act as sub-editors so that the production of the magazine will be a combined effort. I have thoroughly enjoyed working towards the production of "The Swan" 1990 and I look forward to working as hard next year when I will have the added bonus of a dedicated team who will bring and share ideas which can only be to the good.

My thanks are due to Mrs. Hodge who has worked beyond the call of duty during the many hours she spent paying homage to qwertyuiop.

R.W. Johnston

THE OLD PEOPLE'S PARTY

Wednesday 19th. December began as a normal day at Upton Grammar School. A passing stranger, had he ventured in would have witnessed serene and mild-mannered pupils strolling amiably to their eagerly awaited lessons. And had our erstwhile traveller ventured further and entered a series of classrooms he would have seen plastics moulded, poetry written, plays rehearsed, pottery shaped, planks sawn, plants examined, parallels drawn and past-participles juggled. Yet this calm and studious serenity would have been shattered had our visitor been witness to the arrival at lunch time of a coach-load of specially invited guests. Sensibly standing at a safe distance he would have seen a group of people armed to the false teeth with sticks and frames, clutching their sharp-edged bus passes and appearing to be hell-bent on rinsing Upton blue. Furthermore, our hero would have lowered his gaze as strapping sixth form boys with shoulders like sails, quivered and quaked as they offered an arm to Enid or Edna, Bill or Bert. Seeking enlightenment as to the nature of this strange ritual from a second-former scuttling from the scene, our uninvited guest would have discovered that this was the day the old people had their party.

This year Mrs. Toms was responsible for the organisation of what has become a fixed date in the Winter Calendar of the school. And, ably assisted by members of the sixth form, she made an excellent job of it. As well as a splendid feast of sandwiches, mince pies and other Christmas goodies, our senior swingers were treated to an afternoon of varied entertainment. The irrepressible Thomas Morton gave a wry and amusing rendition of Alan Bennet's "Have you ever had one of those days?" Vicar. Nicola Parnell sang "The Virgin Slumber Song" quite beautifully and she and Carolyn Mahon duetted on the song "O Lovely Peace". Of course, no Christmas party would be complete without the traditional batch of Carols and these were sung with admirable gusto by our guests with Claire Mansfield on piano and Clare Viney on guitar ably providing the musical accompaniment. But perhaps the highlight of the afternoon arrived when the perfectly cast Hooman Nouruzi, lacking only the purple sequinned suit and frilly collared lilac shirt, gave voice to "Four and nine - the Brighton Line", "All the fours - forty-four", "Two fat ladies - eighty-eight", and "Legs eleven"-the latter inspiring one or two defiant wolf-whistles from the male section of the audience.

Overall, the day was a resounding success and our guests returned home fed, watered and happy from their Christmas revelry. One particularly delightful man was overjoyed to notice his son's name on the School's Honours Board dating back to the 1940s. Thanks are due to Mrs. Toms and her party of helpers who worked so hard to ensure that all the old folks spent a memorable day at Upton.

R.W. Johnston

COMMUNITY SERVICE

I have found that enjoying community service, so far as teaching is concerned, depends largely on how much responsibility the teacher gives you. It also depends on how well you know and understand what you're talking about and mainly how well you get on with the teacher and the children.

Everyone has good and bad days and children, however young, are no exception and often dull weather or an illness will make them unstable and grumpy. But, in general, if the children are pleasant and well behaved and quite talkative they will want to make friends, if you let them.

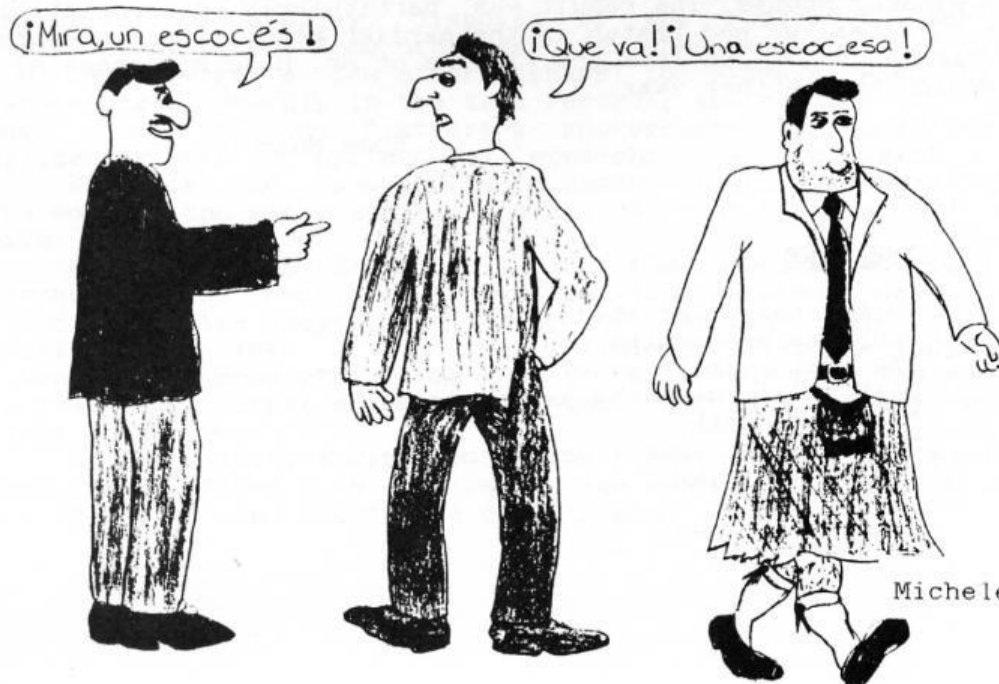
Community service gets more enjoyable as the weeks go by as you learn the children's names and abilities and the methods of teaching the teacher uses. The more they see you the more the children want to tell you about their weekend or look at their painting, and just as there are people you prefer in the class so some will prefer you. But this is to be avoided as they must be treated equally and "favourites" cause resentment amongst the other children and can blind your judgment of a situation.

Another problem with becoming "friends" with the children, as in any situation in life, is that they move, and as you're only there one afternoon a week you're not normally there to see them go and so they just seem to disappear which can be quite sad. This sort of quick moving home happens a lot when the children live in "Bed and Breakfast" accommodation. Of course there is the inevitable change of class at the beginning of the new school year anyway.

But although things like the children leaving happen there are lots of pleasurable moments. For example, when four or five of them rush up to you to greet you when you first arrive in the classroom, and at the risk of sounding sickening it really is amazing when they do actually grasp a new concept.

All in all it is a most worthwhile thing to do and everyone concerned benefits. The children have the chance of a little more personal tuition and the teacher has their workload lifted a little. So even if you start off only thinking of your UCCA form you'll soon begin to want to go from choice and it is a brilliant opportunity to learn about human nature in its least subtle of forms!

Edwina Bell UVI



Michele Ferrucci 4HE

CRIME PREVENTION QUIZ 1990

The Crime Prevention or Crimebusters quiz is a yearly competition organised by the Thames Valley Crime Prevention Panel. It involves teams of two from schools, scouts, guides and other youth groups. The format of the game is based on the television quiz "Blockbusters" with buzzers and letters, but unfortunately without "gold runs" and expensive prizes.

This year the school entered two teams of experienced crime prevention players coached by Mr. Rogers. The first round saw Kay Fullick and Kavita Dingra fight a very close match with Sikh Youth only to lose on the final deciding question and be eliminated. Gurjit Samra and myself had better luck in our first round match as we easily crushed another Sikh Youth team with lightning reactions on the buzzers. This win qualified us for the final.

The Slough Final was a grand affair at the Slough Council Chamber with various dignitaries present, unfortunately question-master Johnny Ball was unable to attend. We were pitted against five other experienced and well trained teams. In our first game we narrowly gained victory but told Mr. Rogers that it was all part of our game plan.

The final two matches to decide the overall winners were on a points basis, meaning tactics were the name of the game. After a verbal run in with the judges and various forms of violence and abuse between the members of our team, our final victory was a matter of routine as we relegated Pathfinders Youth Club and Datchet Young Mariners to second and third.

We then had the presentation of the plaque, photos, presentation of the cheque, photos, presentation of the Barclays Bank goodies, photos, an invitation to compete in the all Berkshire final, photos, autographs, photos, autographs, photos, and then the buffet tea.

The Berkshire final was held in the plush surroundings of Windsor Guild Hall. However, this time the once invincible team were finding the going tough. After five tense and exciting matches we ended the first round with four wins and one loss. This meant that we proceeded to the three team tie break final. In our first game we were totally outplayed by a team of Rangers before we staged a comeback, but were still narrowly defeated. However, we still managed to secure second place from Windsor Scouts. The result was particularly disappointing as we lost to a team we had beaten in the earlier round. Again we were presented with a cheque and left the rigours of Mr. Rogers' demanding training behind for another year.

Ross Muir LVI

THE FIRE

As the warmth of the glow
radiates around the room,
The dying embers give their last performance,
With a last glow the embers go black,
Black as death.
The stronger wood lives with fire,
Lives with flame.

Sarah Ellis 4HE

YOUNG SCIENTISTS: ICI AWARDS

A cold and windy Tuesday afternoon greeted us as we sped away from the school bound for Reading and Shire Hall. This journey was to be the penultimate phase in the seven month project we had begun way back in the October of 1989.

The project, chosen by Mrs. Lambert and sponsored by ICI, was pursued by a group of earnest volunteers from the Fourth and Lower Sixth Forms. This group, numbering approximately twenty, met each Tuesday for about an hour after school to discuss and perform various experiments relating to the chosen topic of EMULSIONS.

After briefing us on what an emulsion actually was, Mrs. Lambert suggested that to start with, we could try and find an emulsion which was capable of dispersing an oil spill. We set to work with unbridled enthusiasm which soon dispersed along with the oil, when we ended up bombing our vegetable oil with pieces of chalk. We then realized that although it did the job, chalk was not an emulsion.

We decided that the most sensible thing to do was to split up into separate groups. A few of us managed to draw up a list of objectives, such as exploring the behaviour of emulsions under different light intensities and temperatures, examining their various properties, and discovering for ourselves which emulsions were better than others.

Other experiments, using concoctions we had cooked up ourselves (using emulsifiers courtesy of ICI) were also developed: experiments determining the pH of emulsions and what conditions they best survived under; a series of experiments concerning dyes and a viscosity measuring device dreamed up by Mrs. Lambert and Mr. Clark-Maxwell and other "scientific stuff."

Meetings continued throughout last Autumn, into Winter and through the gales early this year, and up until April when we set to work completing the project with all haste. Five people from the group had been chosen to present the final display material to the judges. So it was that Paul, Simon, Sally, Denise and myself plus the project were finally bundled into the mini-bus with Mr. Clark-Maxwell at the wheel and we rattled towards Shire Hall at high speed. On arrival we assembled our display, disposed of the rubbish and satisfied the curiosity of people from other schools concerning their queries.

There were a few minor mishaps: for example, when the computer tape stuck stubbornly in the tape recorder and refused to load; and when most of the flattering photographs of ourselves working diligently were put up, and fell straight back down again!

We took the opportunity to wander around ourselves and look at the work of the other schools and noticed that the standard was very high.

From about two-thirty until four, the judges went around discussing the work, and it was not long before it was our turn. We stood before the judges angelically and then began talking in earnest, coaxing them into a positive decision.. After the judging we were given time to cool off and managed to "sniff our way" (as Paul put it) to the finger buffet on the first floor. Not surprisingly, we were the first to arrive!

We sat waiting anxiously for the results to be disclosed. In the meantime we picked bits of paper to see who would represent us if we did chance to win. Providence chose Simon!

Unfortunately, we were not mentioned but we did, however, receive the maximum number of rosettes, eight in all, together with a miniature Dulux dog.

Although no-one admitted it at the time, we all felt some disappointment mingled with a curious sense of satisfaction.

Monica Srivastava 4HE

HISTORY NEWSDAY

March the 8th. is one of the few select dates in any year which I am now compelled to honour in the form of a birthday card for my nephew. The news of little Jamie Johnston's arrival into the world could not have come at a more convenient time as on that day I was, with Mrs. Toms and a fourth year class, busily involved in the production of five newspaper front pages!

The History Newsday had accumulated quite a past itself by the time March the 8th. arrived. On a cold Saturday in December Mr. Thompson and myself had given up our respective shopping expeditions to attend a course for several English and History teachers at the Computer Centre in Reading. By the time 3pm had arrived we had successfully produced a front page dedicated to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas on November 22nd. 1963 - it is interesting to note that while that date may not immediately bring an association with that dreadful event to the mind of anyone alive and aware at the time, it appears that everyone can remember exactly where they were when they heard the news.

At the beginning of January, I sat down with Mrs. Toms and discussed possible events in twentieth century world history which could provide us with front pages for our Newsday. Eventually we settled on the German invasion of Austria of 1938. Mrs. Toms then set about collating various articles, biographies, photographs and maps as source material to be used by the pupils, while I wrote out the press releases for that momentous day. The pupils were given lessons on the background to the Anschluss and on the style, content and lay-out of a "good" newspaper. By March the 8th. everything was in order and at 9.30 on that day the first of the press releases emerged from the printer. Thus began the frenetic activity associated with the production of a newspaper.

The pupils' level of commitment to their allotted tasks was admirable and it was a joy to see them working so effectively in a spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation - indeed, any school activity which demands only the most functional of lunch breaks by the pupils surely has to be worthy of praise!

Between 1pm and 3pm the pace and intensity of the proceedings inevitably reached new heights as the writing up and pasting on of articles took precedent. And by 3pm. all the groups had completed their front pages and an elected representative from each group proudly marched to the Head's office, "Daily Sketch" or whatever in hand.

As a follow-up activity the pupils were required to write a personal account of Newsday and on reading them it was obvious how much our budding journalists had enjoyed what was an interesting, productive and, of course, thoroughly exhausting day.

R.W. Johnston

BIOLOGY FIELD TRIP MARCH 1990

Every year for more than forty, a curious pilgrimage has taken place in March or April, from Lascelles Road, Slough to a small parish in South west Wales, called Dale.

There is, however, nothing religious in this time-honoured event, it is simply the Upper Sixth Biologists off on their annual holidays - a week by (or in) the sea!

1990 was no exception and on March 21st. the group assembled at Slough Station to board the train to Swansea via Reading. The "125" was comfortable and swiftly delivered the party safely. From Swansea to Milford Haven, however, the local train seemed to limp along, passing through the Welsh countryside at what felt like a snail's pace. Eventually it arrived and then it was onto a coach for the last part of the journey to Dale. This is a very small village with one shop-cum-Post Office and one public house (out of bounds!) plus a couple of streets of houses - quite a culture shock for those from the "the smoke"!

It is on a sheltered inlet of the sea, deserted during the winter except for an odd cargo boat or small tanker awaiting unloading.

Dale Fort which houses the Field Centre is on a promontory completely surrounded by the sea except for a narrow neck of land which carries the road from the village. It is a genuine Victorian Fort built in the nineteenth century as part of the defence system surrounding Milford Haven.

Across the water is a marvellous view of the Texaco Oil Terminal, by day a real blot on the landscape but at night a beautiful network of lights reflected in the sea.

The week passed quickly, a mixture of formal lectures, field work, research in the Library and writing-up.

The weather in 1990 was very kind, cold but sunny for much of the time and although everyone wore bright yellow waterproofs (resembling the old adverts for fish fingers) against the wind, when on the beach, they were never needed against the rain.

Apart from the Ecology one of the valuable lessons learnt during the week is tolerance, particularly of those who snore rather loudly all night!

The "class of '90", like all its predecessors didn't know how hard it could work or how enjoyable hard work could be, until it visited Dale Fort. As usual everyone was sorry to leave the beautiful scenery and fresh air of Wales but pleased to get back to the home comforts of Slough!

The group was a very pleasant, friendly one which integrated well with the students from Southall who shared the course.

I am sure that Dale will linger in their memories for a very long time and that the experience will stand them in good stead in the future.

C. Bowater

WORK EXPERIENCE IN POLITICS

For as long as I can remember I have always had an interest in politics and earlier this year I decided that there was no better time to find out about it than when I went on my work experience. So, when John Watts, M.P. for Slough, agreed to take me for my work experience I was delighted. During the week I found out a lot about politics, politicians' lives and the whole system of democracy.

An M.P. has a busy life and each day's schedule is distributed fairly evenly between the constituency and Parliament. Even a politician has a routine and for John Watts this starts with doing the post each morning. He receives about thirty letters each day and every letter has to be read and replied to. This is quite time-consuming, as I found out, as all the answers have to be prepared carefully. This is definitely not the glamorous side of politics.

John Watts tries to go around the constituency and meet his constituents to discuss their problems and queries as often as possible and I was able to accompany him on one of these visits. However, the beckoning call of Parliament and the added nuisance of not having a "pair" means that John Watts has to be at the House whenever a vote is on, however inconvenient this is to him, as the journey alone to Westminster takes him an hour.

Another unexpected side to politics is the M.P.s themselves. I was lucky enough to get an interview with Edwina Currie, and I was quite amazed at her warm nature. The public tend to get a misrepresented view of politicians. I was surprised to find Edwina so nice as I had the impression of her being pushy and unapproachable - a totally wrong idea. In the end I shadowed her for three hours, accompanying her in that time to three receptions: one with some constituents, one with the Citizen's Advice Bureau, and the last one at a very nice hotel across the road where a party was being held, I met Michael Heseltine there. I was rather sad to say goodbye to Mrs. Currie.

The most horrifying event in the week was, what seemed to me to be, the total abuse of democracy that some politicians take part in. On the Wednesday when I was in Westminster, Labour tried to move an amendment to the bill on paying for eye tests. I found that Conservatives didn't care whether or not some people couldn't afford to have their eyes tested, they all voted against the amendment simply because it had been proposed by the opposition - to me, that's disgusting.

I found my week in politics busy, tiring and eventful and I discovered that I had learned a lot about politics from the work experience. At the end of my time, I certainly believed that "a week in politics is a long time." And I would like to thank John Watts for giving me this great opportunity to discover the real politics of Westminster and to realise that I liked what I saw.

Sarah Ellis 4HE

Upton Grammar School pupil Tracy Walls spent a week in the "Observer" news room seeing how her local paper worked.

Armed with notebook and pen, Tracy was sent on her first assignment only to come face to face with schoolmate Sarah Ellis.

Just like Tracy, Sarah was taking part in a work experience scheme, but with Slough MP John Watts. Here in her own words is Tracy's report on Sarah's taste of the busy cut and thrust life of a top politician.

Ambitious schoolgirl Sarah Ellis got her first taste of political life when she had a week's work experience with Slough MP John Watts.

Sarah, a pupil at Upton Grammar School, has spent the week with Mr. John Watts travelling to and from Westminster as he carried out a busy MP's schedule.

Sarah attended Prime Minister's question time, received a guided tour of the House of Commons and met Michael Heseltine.

However, the highlight of her week was meeting Edwina Curry. Sarah said: "She's a really nice person, very lively with a nice personality."

This was the first time any work experience youngster has "shadowed" John Watts, who was a little apprehensive at first.

"My first thoughts were what could I do with someone on a week's work experience, but I decided that as Sarah had taken the initiative to write to me I should respond in a positive way," he said.

"It was interesting to have someone else's perspective on my job."

Sarah commented: "An MP has a very busy life, a lot of time is spent travelling and sitting debates.

I have enjoyed my week with John and I am very grateful to him for giving me an insight into politics."

She is now hoping to finish her education and pursue a career in politics.

WORK EXPERIENCE AT CELLTECH

I checked my watch for the third time in as many minutes. I was going to be late on my first day of work experience.

I was ever so slightly nervous and not really looking forward to being late. But still, nothing ventured, nothing gained. So I got out of the car and walked towards the building.

It looked huge with its tinted glass and blue frame. I walked through the revolving doors and went to reception to sign in. I had made it with thirty seconds to spare.

I signed in, when I finally worked out how to, and sat and waited for my contact, Bernadette Poole, to arrive. Two minutes later and she had arrived.

She took me through to personnel where I worked for the first day. The next day I was in the Library.

Then on Wednesday I was in the post room. I don't think my legs will ever be the same again after we delivered mail to Celltech's five buildings twice in one day.

That same day I think I must have visited every department on the three floors of the main building, met at least three-quarters of the total staff of 600, and had so many tea-breaks that I started to slosh as I walked about.

The next day I thought I'd have a chance to recover on reception but what that lacks in distance travelled it makes up for in hassle. I went on the switchboard and either had my ear blasted, or I had to strain to make out what was being said. However, I did have quite a bit of responsibility with this job as I dealt with all visitors, still being one myself.

Finally, on Friday I was back in the post room for more stamping and delivering of letters and of course more tea-breaks.

Sadly then, my work experience had come to an end. I would miss the friendly people, the variety of work and the benefits of the job and even perhaps, the long walks delivering the mail. But then again, perhaps not.

Tara Donovan 4HA

UPTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

PRESENTS

Olivet To Calvary

By J.H. Maunder

at 8:00 pm on

March 28TH at St. Andrew's - Wraysbury

March 30TH at St. Mary's - Slough

with guest soloists:

tenor - TIM GREENOUGH

baritone - JONATHON BROWN

tickets £1 (available from school)



OLIVET TO CALVARY

"Olivet to Calvary" is an Oratorio written by J.H.Maunders and tells the story of Christ's journey to the Cross.

The performances of "Olivet to Calvary" were a memorable landmark in the life of music at Upton. The members of the choir worked diligently to ensure performances which are still thought about and spoken about.

Our first performance on March 28th. was at Wraysbury. We travelled there by School mini-bus and cars. The church was full and we were given a very warm welcome. It was the inauguration of our Choir dress. The girls wore long black skirts with white blouses on which was pinned a pink rose. The boys wore black trousers, white shirts and black bow-ties. The appearance of the choir now being very professional.

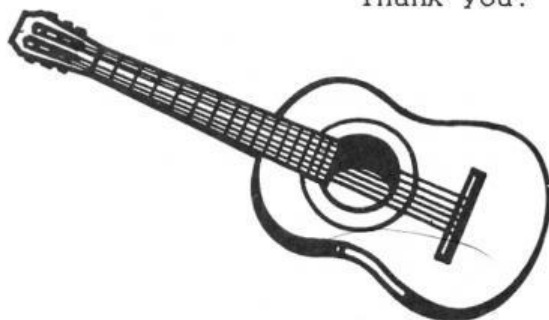
The second performance was on March 30th. at St. Mary's, Slough. Again the church was well attended with a performance which excelled all expectation.

Our Baritone and Tenor Soloists for both performances were Bill Broadbent and Jonathan Brown. Bill is a professional singer and Jonathan is a student at Royal Holloway College in Egham. Tina Knee was the Soprano Soloist at Wraysbury and at St. Mary's Nicola Parnell sang the Soprano Solo part. The organist on both occasions was Malcolm Stowell and the Church Choir from St. Mary's joined us for both performances.

Well done everyone! We have a lot to look forward to, a lot of hard work ahead of us, but again we look forward to a happy new school year in September.

Thank you.

R. Jones.



On Thursday December 14th. we held our Annual Carol Service at St. Mary's. There was a large congregation of parents and friends and the evening began with a peal of bells by members of staff and their friends. The school band played a collection of carols, then at 8 o'clock the Carol Service began with Mr. Cullingworth saying a Bidding Prayer. The Nine Lessons were read by Anthony Carter, John McGrath, Ruby Biring, Christopher Miroszewski, Louise Barnett, Adrian Tobin, Jane Brown, Mrs. Lenton, Mrs. McCormack and Mr. Duchezau (Chairman of the Governors).

Our Chamber Choir excelled in their renderings of "Ave Verum" by Mozart and "The Shepherd's Farewell" by Berlioz; also the Octet when they sang "The Coventry Carol".

The Service was made complete when we heard Dorothea Hodge singing "He Shall Lead His Flock" and Nicola Parnell singing "Come Unto Him" from The Messiah.

The congregation joined the choir for some of the carols. The cover design of the carol booklet was by Ashley McGrath. The standard of music and readings was very high with the whole service being appreciated by all. My thanks to all concerned.

R. Jones

FIFTH-YEAR DAY TRIP TO ST. OMER, FRANCE 24-11-89

The decision to spend eighteen hours on a day trip to France with forty seven fifth formers had always seemed a rash one. When I dragged myself from my deliciously warm bed at 5.00am on Friday 24th. November, the prospect did not appear to be any more inviting. At least the M4 was fairly quiet at 6.30 in the morning - some small consolation.

I was impressed to discover everyone waiting for me outside the school. Even Mr. Johnston had managed to rouse himself from his slumbers on time AND he had remembered his passport!

I had lost count of the number of times I had checked the passports, the E111 forms and the money but I thought I'd better do so again, just in case.....

As soon as the journey started out came the personal stereos and the eating began..... an unremitting process that was to last for eighteen hours.

The fifth form were, as usual, keen to start work and began clamouring for their workbooks. These eagerly awaited documents were to record all the details, experiences and observations of the day.

The journey to Dover was fast and uneventful. We stopped for a reviving cup of coffee at the motorway services, where Mr. Johnston revealed his unremarkable talent for arcade games.

The sea crossing on the SNCF ship, the "Champs-Elysee" took seventy-five minutes and was very calm. When we disembarked at Calais, the French Customs and Immigration officers were not the least interested in our prestigious party.

We were soon on the motorway to St. Omer, a small pleasant town about 35 kms from Calais. The countryside was quite flat and the land was used mainly for market-gardening.

We spent approximately three hours in St. Omer, visiting shops, cafes and having the opportunity to put into practice the language we had been learning for so long. As night fell, it began to rain and our baguettes were getting soggy, so we decided to visit "Mammouth", a hyper-market on the outskirts of St. Omer. We spent a fascinating couple of hours in the immense supermarket which sells everything from cheese to C.D.'s (what's that in French, Ma'am?)

As we explored the fascinating rows of goods, we became convinced that "something was going on". Surely our cherubic fifth formers were not trying to purchase ILLEGAL SUBSTANCES? When we returned to the coach, we discovered the cause of the surreptitious behaviour. The self-effacing Thomas Morton modestly presented Mrs. Riches, Mrs. Jones, Mr. Johnston and myself with a bottle of champagne each, to thank us for the visit. Our drivers were given boxes of chocolates. We were touched by this generous and thoughtful gesture. What a charming group of people these fifth formers are!

The return journey was long enough for some interesting friendships to be formed. Back at Dover, the British Customs and Immigration services were more zealous than their French colleagues. We were obliged to get out of the coach and walk through customs laden with half-eaten baguettes and stale croissants.

It was past twelve o'clock before we got back to school. A day trip is always exhausting but we all felt that our visit to St. Omer was worthwhile, interesting and, above all, great fun.

S. McNabb

SKI TRIP TO NORWAY FEBRUARY 1990

We left England, courtesy of Scandinavian Airways one distant February morning. After a short, comfortable flight we were passing over Norway's lovely, crinkly edges, soon to touch down in Bergen. From here we caught a train to Geilo. The lengthy four hour journey was passed in considerably more comfort than a journey of this length would have on British Rail. The Norwegian trains were a distant cry from the Slough-Windsor link we are used to!

When we reached our accomodation, the Hotel Sportell, it wasn't quite as Ski Sutherland (the company we went with) had led us to believe; the rooms were pretty cramped, and the "fully equipped disco" turned out to be no more than a jukebox that would have been unhip in the 1970s.

We shared the hotel with a Norwegian school party. The linguistic chasm between the Norwegian females and English males was vaulted with consummate ease (notably by Navdip Bhindher, Nicholas Sanders, Toby Parlour, and John Donachy, considerably aided by the fact that they spoke better English than we did.)

Our progress in the field of international relations was paralleled by our advances in the skiing field; after an initially dodgy start, Damian Stock didn't fall over once on his skis after his first day! (Unlike Mr. Inger, who seemed less able to remain upright the longer the holiday went on); Rosamund Morton was completing complex freestyle ski-jumps on the first day, although her landings required a little work; Julia Page's and Stephen Betts' inventive methods of stopping also were not all they should have been. The basic idea involved finding a solidly constructed building or sign and hitting it at speed. Whilst effective, it was considered a little too painful for general use.

The trip also had its share of injuries; concussion, twisted limbs and an illness which virtually everybody caught! (Even Mr. Inger, we think, but whether this was due to the Norwegian cheese, no-one has decided.) During a little spontaneous cross-country skiing ('cross tree-stumps, 'cross rocks, cross Kevin Deadman, 'cross anything that was in the way) the authors of this piece were violently assaulted by some particularly vicious fir trees, so if the tree in Trafalgar Square this Christmas has a few branches bent or missing at the bottom, it probably came from Geilo.

This year we were particularly fortunate as Norway was one of the few places in Europe that had any decent snow and no days skiing were lost. As a result the progress made was excellent, beginners were skiing down black runs by the end of the week. Kevin Deadman made our bosoms swell with pride when he came top in a skiing competition out of half a dozen or so groups from other schools; he won a coveted (and barely used) pair of ski-poles!

We would like to thank the staff who took us for all their preparatory work and the excellent job they did in Norway making up for the Ski Sutherland representatives! We all had a great time!

Stephen Betts
David Longfield LVI

SOCCER

With most of last season's victorious Gibbs Cup side having left, this season was to be largely one of re-building for the 1st.XI. As the season has progressed, so the standard of play has improved and the record deserves to be a little better. Unfortunately, early leads have not always been maintained and frustration has occasionally resulted. The three senior players, Jason Donovan, skipper Mark Bergen and Matthew Jordan have led by example and the U16 players have settled in with confidence. Simon Simpson has been very impressive in his first season as goalkeeper.

As in previous seasons, the U16s again have the best playing record to date. Victories in their last two matches have taken them through to the semi-final and quarter-final of the district and county cup competitions respectively. James Cooke has been very impressive in both defence and midfield as has, also at the back, Matthew Moore. Goalkeeper Trevor Thomas continues to grow in confidence and upfront Paul Fellows has claimed 8 of the 24 goals scored to date.

The U14s have played some attractive football this season and showed that they can work hard for each other by turning a 0-4 half-time score against Presentation College into a 5-4 victory. Unfortunately, the team lacks stature in some areas and this has been significant in matches against strong opposition who have been prepared to compete for every loose ball. Midfielders Christopher Phillips and Kwabena Koampah have been consistently playing well. Up front, Harry Dev again leads the scoring as he continues to take advantage of his present difference in size to many opposing defenders.

With only 31 boys to select an U13 team from, it has been very difficult to compete on equal terms with any of our opponents. Consequently the side has suffered a series of heavy defeats. There has, however, been a tremendous amount of enthusiasm displayed by the players. They have given their best and the manner in which they have accepted these results has been excellent.

The longer they continue to enjoy their football and play the game as schoolboy football should be played, the more worthy will be their first victory.

HOCKEY

Circumstances have produced an unfortunate, hopefully temporary but necessary, curtailment in the amount of inter-school hockey being played this year.

the 1st.XI contains a number of good players but the team would no doubt have benefitted from greater continuity of match play. But for a penalty stroke conceded and converted in the last five minutes of the game against Langley Grammar, the record would at least have read a little better. Bradley Wren has proved an able Captain both on and off the field. Rene Goldsmith has also played solidly throughout the season.

The U15s showed that given the opportunity, they could play good hockey with a 1-0 victory over a well-organised Ranelagh side.

BADMINTON

Not all individuals are natural or indeed, interested games players. The Badminton Club, which meets on a Wednesday afternoon and is open to all pupils, hopefully provides an area in which pupils can experience and enjoy an alternative form of physical activity. In addition to recreational play and coaching, U-16 and U-14 teams are competing in the Slough, Reading and District Junior League. This requires additional commitment on weekday evenings and Saturday afternoons as, with no other schools taking part, opponents are community based teams.

The U-16 team, of which Louise Barnett and Richard Stoller are proving to be reliable organisers, has yet to play most of its matches.

Despite having played five fixtures to date, the U-14s are still looking for their first victory. This need not be too far away if commitment on court can be improved and distractions from the sidelines overcome. Captain Rajiv Mehta has the best playing record to date with four singles, four doubles and four mixed doubles victories.

N.A. Baylis



Russell Thomas 4HE

ORIENTEERING

Orienteering was started at school just before Christmas by Mrs. Brown. Originally it was confined to 6th. Form General Studies lessons, but later Mr. Baylis adopted the idea for lower school games lessons as a replacement for cross-country running. However, the P.E. staff were foiled again. The same intelligent chap who discovered that you could run part way round the cross-country course, hide in the bushes, have a fag, then rejoin the leaders on their second lap to run only one lap and still have a miraculous time, had infiltrated the school again. This time he discovered that you could hide the orienteering controls so others couldn't find them and therefore he could win (original, or what!!) The school still accepted the sport very well, so an Orienteering Club was formed to enable the more enthusiastic ones to train for and compete in orienteering competitions. The basic idea of orienteering is to travel as fast as you can, on foot, between points, known as controls, on a map. Navigation and choice of route is up to you and is just as important as running speed, as I found out.

To start with the school travelled to a low key competition at Epping Forest. This original trip was successful and well enjoyed.

Our second outing was to a much bigger event near Camberley. Mrs. Brown took myself as well as a group of 4th. year pupils. At most events you can choose the difficulty and length of the course you do to suit your own ability and enthusiasm. I decided to attempt a red course of medium difficulty and length. You start off at one-minute intervals to avoid people following each other (and both getting lost!) and then it's up to you to find a route incorporating about twelve different check points and finally the finish.

Being a competitive runner, especially over cross-country, I was confident of beating the posers in the flashy outfits who's running speed was far inferior to my agile, swift style. However, soon after the start everything was not going to plan. I mistook an uphill for a downhill and an east for a west (I think I left my brains at home!) and somehow or other the aged women and pensioners and almost everyone else seemed to be beating me. Answer: they hadn't left their brains at home and were taking their time over navigation and route choice, not running around the forest totally disorientated. Forget the agile, swift style, I was lost. Another problem I found was that when I was hurtling down hill, trying to keep my balance and read a map, trees are totally invisible. That is until head hits tree. I hit floor, blood exits leg and head hurts a lot.

Finally, in the pouring rain and after one hour and fifteen minutes, I reached the finish. I was thoroughly worn out, cut and bruised, but pleased with my first attempt at competitive orienteering.

The girls from the 4th. year tackled a less demanding course, got totally soaked, but remained very enthusiastic and ready for more competition.

Mrs. Brown, who gave up her Sunday to take us, decided to keep dry but gave us plenty of support, encouragement and tips (shame I didn't use them.)

Ross Muir LVI

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

The 24th. day in the month of August, A.D. 79 - that day rang death bells for the many thousands of us who had the ill-fortune to be in the coastal towns of Campania.

The day began with the small tremors and gentle rumblings which we had now become so familiar with. Life continued as usual: the fullers, bakers, millers - the general multitude of businessmen were in the Forum; the farmers in their fields; I myself at the Stabian Gate where I had stood for numerous years.

The morning passed uneventfully. Then - it was about 1 o'clock - a deafening -CRACK!- announced the beginning of an experience that will probably never be experienced by so many again.

For a minute it seemed as if the whole of Campania had stopped. All was quiet. Each and every living body was standing still and looking up at the sky, waiting in anticipation. And then it came.....

The silence was shattered by a terrific explosion. Men and women began running to and fro; children cried for their parents; animals broke out of the Forum and stampeded the city. At first we could not see what was causing this, then someone screamed "VESUVIUS! VESUVIUS!" We looked towards the looming mountain, once a pleasant, dreamy slope, now a menacing entity.

Molten rock was flowing down the sides, devouring vineyards and farms in its path. Ash and rock burst from its crater in a vivacious display of sparks. Architectural masterpieces were crumbling like buildings of sand, collapsing like playing cards, and reduced to mere skeletons and rubble. All the time hot ash and rock was being showered upon us - we could neither take refuge in the buildings for fear of collapse, nor remain outside for fear of being used as target practice.

The sea was becoming violent, waves lashed around the harbour, sweeping over ships and carrying them to the sea-bed. There was running all around. Mothers running for children; fathers for their families; beggars for the gates; senators for their wealth. Some just fell on their knees praying aloud, already injured by burning rocks. We were at the mercy of a god we could not see, in a place we could not escape from.

The eruption had left Campania in a state of anarchy. Ash fell faster, rocks fell harder, escapers shed hindering raiments to enable them to run faster. The noise was deafening - screams, shouts, explosions, cracks.

But what was I to do? I had been a loyal guardsman for many years now. As I had refused to run away in the great earthquake of A.D. 62, so I refused to run now.

Families were making their way into cellars of delapidated houses, despite the immense danger. Old men fell to the ground, and I braved the elements to help them in their feet and direct them towards the Nolan Gate. I struggled to free a family from their collapsed home, only to be sickened by the sight of four dead children, one dying mother and a crying baby.

By this time the gates were blocked by the multitude of people. Many simply collapsed from exhaustion, suffocation or the fires, and were trampled to death.

I rushed to help others from their villas, despite the ash and rocks which were scalding my face and arms. Tremors were causing the earth to oscillate intensely and running was becoming an impossibility. Nevertheless, I made my way to the House of Theophiles where half the roof had caved in and survivors were banging on a locked door. I hacked through the door with my sword and out tumbled a distraught family. A fraction of a second later, the rest of the roof and a section of the wall collapsed, crushing any remaining life beneath it.

On I ran into the house of Diomedes. I had almost succeeded in breaking in when a ball of fire hit the house, consuming its four storeys. Entry was impossible.

Breathing too, was difficult. The fumes were strangling our throats. I was lifting people with one hand over my mouth.

Vesuvius would not cease - perniciously ripping towns and villages from their roots. I suddenly noticed how dark it had become and my vision seemed to be deteriorating. My clothes were blackened and burnt, and I was just on the verge of collapsing into death when I had the fortune to be grabbed by a fellow guardsman, who strapped me to his horse and rode out of the falling city.

The ash and pumice rained on Pompeii for countless days. Anyone unable to escape the town was now dead.

The day had been a devastating one, the after-effects even more so. I have never visited Pompeii since then. I do not even know if I dare to. Men stumble through the countryside delirious or mad from shock. I, too, do not know whether I can remember without trembling with shock and fear, at the ash and cinders withering away my skin; at the countless bodies, the noise, the fear, the tragedy. My own family perished in the eruption, buried under a thick sheet of lava at Herculaneum. Will I ever be able to look back on this episode without tears filling my eyes? I do not know. The ruinous eruption of the mountain Vesuvius has shattered the lives of all in Campania today. These may well be my last words, my injuries of mind and body are too painful to endure.

Monica Srivastava 4HE

(I BELIEVE IN) BRICKS

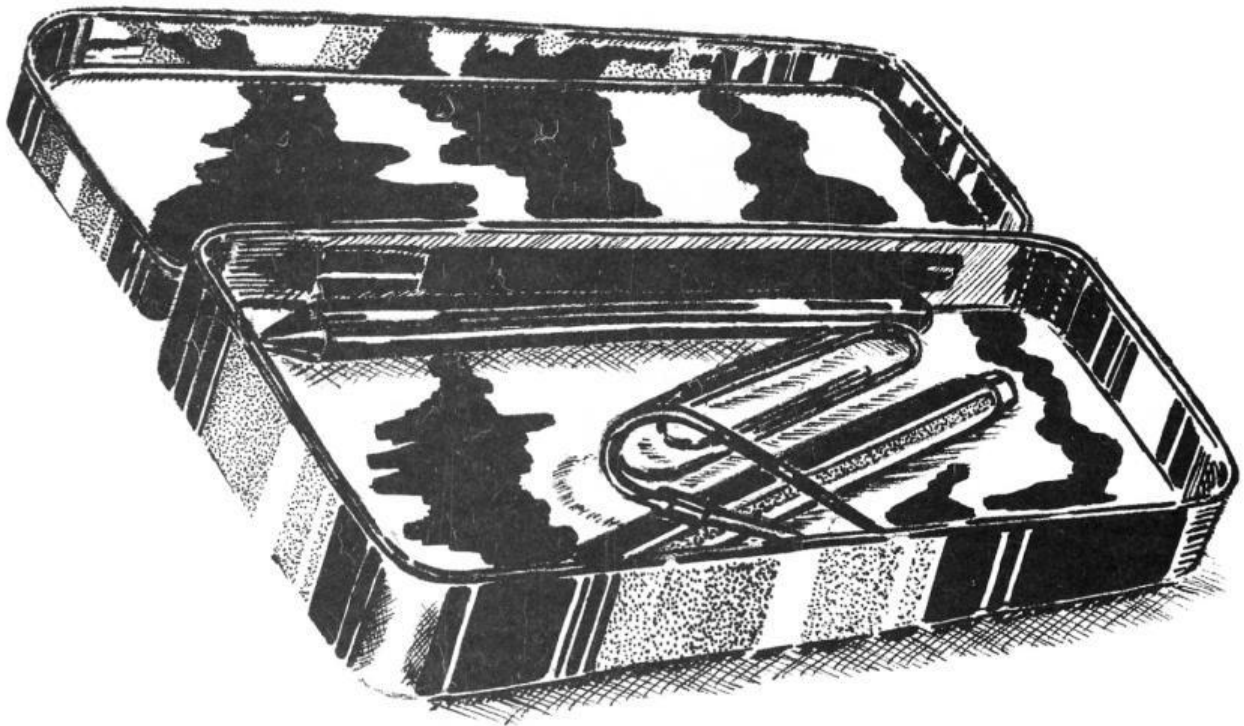
I believe in bricks.
I truly believe in bricks.
I sit there, looking at them, and I know they're there.
I know they won't say anything, do anything, won't even move. They're just there.
That's why I believe in bricks.

I don't believe in God.
God let me down.
I lay in bed praying, and nothing happened. Nothing changed.
My life was still the same misery, pain and anguish. Just the same.
That's why I don't believe in God.

I don't believe in people.
People let me down too.
They said they loved me when they didn't, they said they didn't when I now know they did.
People brought out all my worst feelings, all in the open. Made me feel bad.
That's why I don't believe in people.

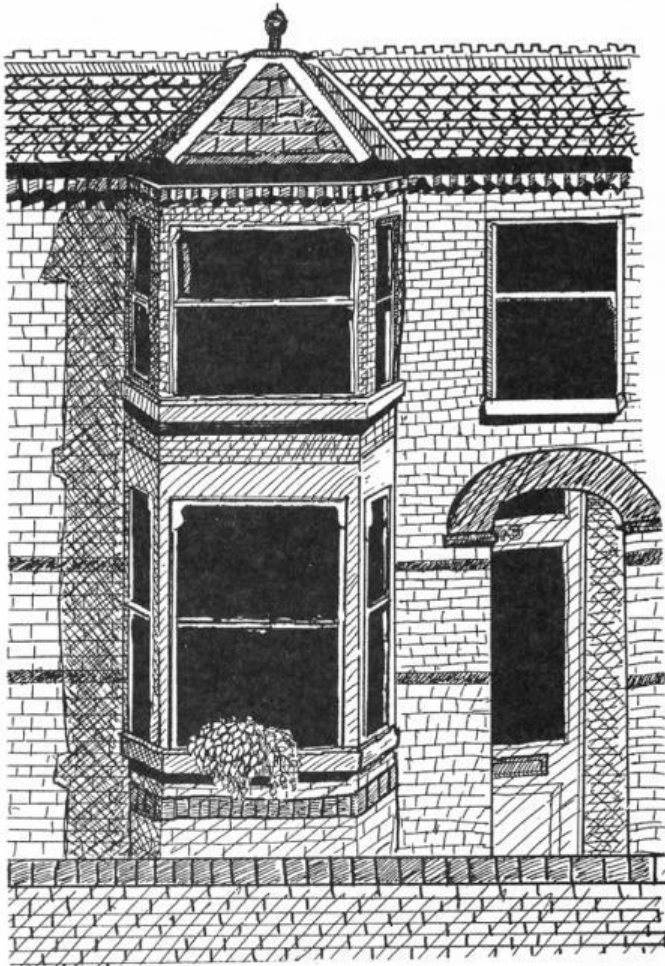
People aren't all they're cracked up to be.
Other people are never you, so they can never think like you.
If they can't think like you, then they can't feel like you - they'll never understand you.
Don't listen to other people, just listen to yourself. I listened to other people once, ended up killing someone.
Now I'm stuck in prison, staring at my cell wall. But at least I've got something to believe in.
Bricks.

Matthew Perret UVI



Ashley McGrath LVI

I LIKE THAT STUFF (After Adrian Mitchell)



Great balls were made of it
Oxygen burns in it
FIRE

I like that stuff

Worms like to roll in it
Plants like to live in it
SOIL

I like that stuff

Fish like to splash in it
People can drown in it
WATER

I like that stuff

Sheep are surrounded by it
Cats get tangled in it
WOOL

I like that stuff

Ants like to tread in it
Spice goes along with it
SUGAR

I like that stuff

Rebecca George 3HE

Christina Lam

SNOW IN THE COUNTRY

Frozen ponds.
And the crackle of the grassy white fields.
A bare tree, standing coldly alone.
No leaves.
No warmth.
With branches tinted with snow.
The cold sky, greyish,
Was as far as the eye could see.
The fog smudged the horizon,
And the fields were nothing but fog.
The cool air smelt of pine,
And as the sun rose,
Its warmth fell.
As the fog slowly began to rise
In time with the sun setting.
As this happened a sudden coldness fell,
And it snowed once more.

Annamarie Spires.

THE W B L TOOTH
O B Y

My tooth began to wobble.
It felt quite loose to me.
I held it in place with my finger
So that everyone could see.

To and fro I pulled it,
Wriggling it about.
But I wouldn't let anyone
Try to pull it out.

"I'll take it out quickly,"
Mum said with a smile.
"No thanks," I said
"It'll come out in a while."

"I'll take it out," said Dad,
"Before you count to three."
"It's alright, Dad, I've done this before."
"I'll take it out with ease."

"Let me get it out," my brother said,
Looking at me with glee.
"No fear!" I said, backing away,
"You keep away from me!"

I pushed it and pulled it,
I wriggled it about,
But I wouldn't let anyone
Try to pull it out.

Declan Flanagan 3MILTON

SLUG

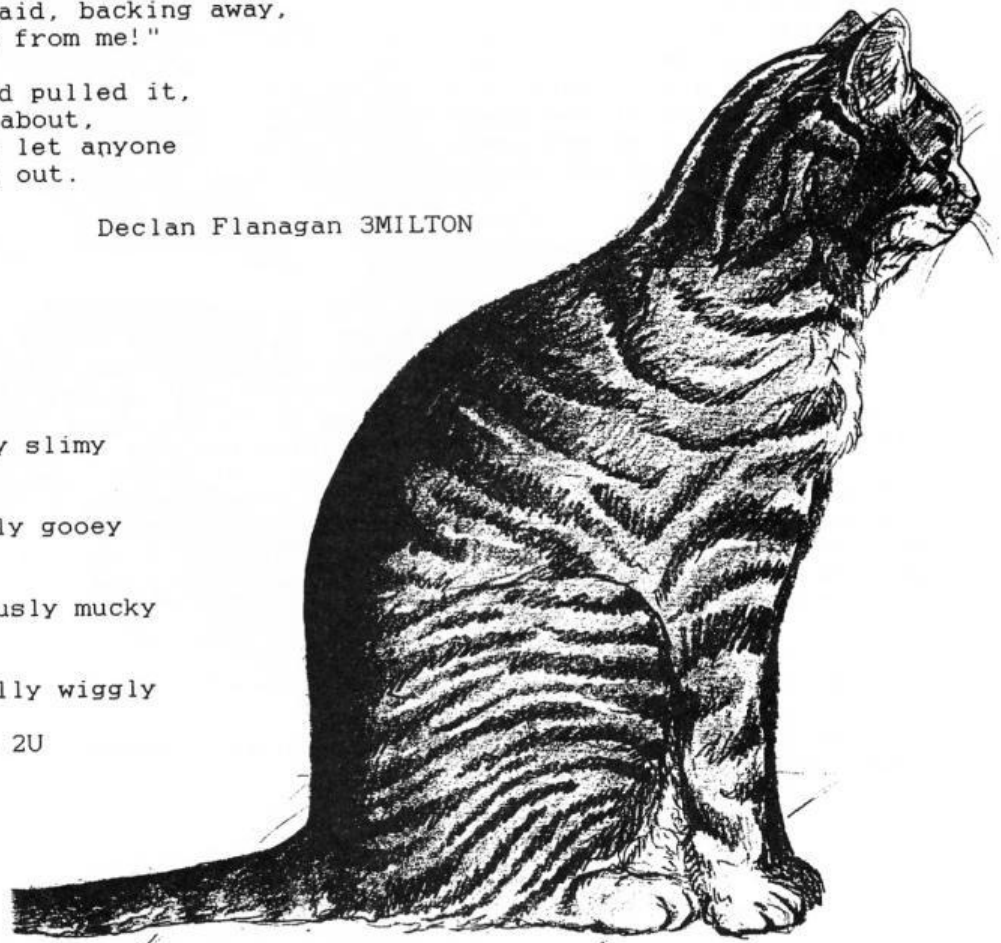
It's squidgy
It's squodgy
It's strangely slimy
It's gungey
It's gluey
It's gruesomely gooey
It's mishy
It's mushy
It's miraculously mucky
It's wimpy
It's weepy
It's wonderfully wiggly

Rubinder Gill 2U

ANGER

Trapped like a bird in a cage,
Inside you building anger and rage,
Your fists grasped tight,
Your knuckles white,
Your glare cast
Like a fearsome mask;
Cheeks tense.
The anger deep and immense
Your head turning.
The pain, your heart burning,
Raging louder, louder, your bursting seam,
You can't hold it in, you have to SCREAM.

Kerri Gatherer 3HA



Christina Lam

THEATRE TRIPS 1989-90

"DEATH OF A SALESMAN" by Arthur Miller

Early in the Autumn term the A-Level English groups in the Sixth Form were lucky enough to see a fine production of this great American play. The Redgrave Theatre at Farnham presented, in the morning, an interesting insight into their work from advertising to designing the productions, and we heard from some of the actors about their approach to their roles, both as members of a company and as interpreters of character. Our appreciation of the afternoon presentation of the suffering of one family in the Depression was enhanced by understanding how important are technicalities like set design, lighting and authentic props to the total impact of theatre.

"THE WINTER'S TALE" by William Shakespeare.

In March at the Farrer Theatre, Eton, the English A-Level groups had the amazing experience of an authentic Elizabethan production. All the parts in this tragi-comedy were played by boys and we realized we were seeing drama as Shakespeare's own contemporaries would have seen it. The acting was superb, confident and well-rehearsed, so that even those who had not yet read the play could follow the complex plot. The figure of Time under a huge clock linked the two halves of the play, in different countries sixteen years apart, with the only concession to a 20th. century audience a newly added speech. For me the abiding memory will be of the dignity of the boy playing the "living statue" of a wronged queen, matched by the hilarious antics of the "lasses" prancing around at the Sheep Fair sporting skimpy costumes which kept revealing bras that had nowhere to fit! The audience loved it all - we laughed and sighed and clapped and went home well satisfied.

"TRANSLATIONS" by Brian Friel.

This time we went to London - to New Cross Theatre at Goldsmiths College for a marvellous lecture illustrated by the producer and actors with scenes from the play, followed by a powerful production of this modern masterpiece. There were a few criticisms, (from those who knew!) of the Irish accents, but none of the value of experiencing a play you are studying. Most impressive was the realisation that the girl with the fewest lines actually has the most influence on the audience's perception of the action on the stage; we all, teachers and students alike came away enriched and enthusiastic for more. The drama at the station was most amusing too, when frantic faces were seen peering through train windows on the wrong platform, anxiously looking for the person with the tickets!

"ALL MY SONS" by Arthur Miller

An amateur production by the Maidenhead Players this time - very timely and much enjoyed.

E. Hurst.

AN A-Z OF LIFE

An adult accompanies and accomodates another adult. A new beginning is the babe being born. Then comes the crying, chuckling and crawling across the carpet. The dummy diminishes and dialect develops. New eagerness to explore evolves and one endeavours in education. Now fun is a faith and foundations of friendships are found. Games and good times are a genuine glory but hardship hampers happiness at home. Idols illuminate and influence; imitations are instant. Juveniles now judge fellow juniors with jealousy.

Soon the kiss is keen knowledge and lads and lasses learn about the larks and laments of love. The mind and memory mature and soon marriage is in mind. The nest needs to be renewed to nurture a life of one's own. Obstacles obstruct pathways so perseverance is applied. Permanent pay is preferred so now qualifications in quantity are a good quality.

Relationships now rot or ripen so one seeks someone special to make that sacred tie. Tiny tots soon become a tormenting task and tamper with tranquility. Now utmost understanding is vital. The value and variety of life never wears off. X-tra special memories of your youthful days help to capture the zeitgeist.

Sonia Sidhu 2G



Clare Bampton 3GR

THE FAILED LETTER-WRITER

Dear.....

Dear.....

Dear.....

Dear, dear, dear.

Matthew Perret UVI

THE CABLE MAN COMETH

Slough is a bit like purgatory: only the damned are destined to remain there for longer than absolutely necessary, and those who leave are destined for salvation. It is a testing ground for the after-life (after Slough, that is), a life where all there is to do is sit in anticipation of better times yet to come.

For a long time, I, a born and bred Slough resident, have had a niggling suspicion that Slough is the worst place to live on this Earth, and now I feel qualified to say that it is. For the majority of people, those who are willing to be fed their lifestyles, their personalities and their culture by those two unholy deities commercialism and corporate identity, all that they seek in life is to be found lurking between Junctions 5 and 6 of the M4. Even style is lovingly prepacked in plastic. Hands up who thinks that River Island looks like a Harvester Steakhouse! Even I think that their pine panelling owes more to celluloid than to spruce.

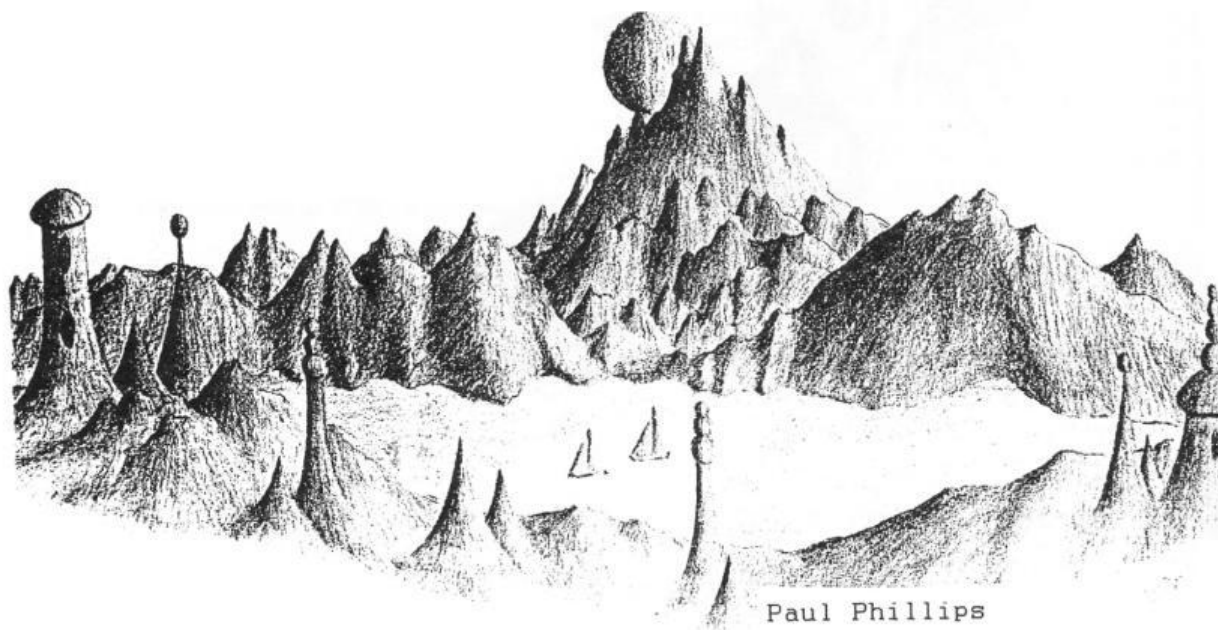
The High Street abounds with nuclear families in jumpsuits, marble jeans, and trainers which will never go near a sports field, whose prayers of convenient shopping facilities, cable T.V. and a three-bedroomed, mock Tudor semi are answered by Slough. These corporate zombies are the product of Slough.

The new estates are devoid of spirit and personality, and the older ones are heading the same way. Some would say that there is a true community in Slough, but I have yet to see it. Where are these cheerful townsfolk who fought two world wars to preserve the right to shop? Any decency has been enveloped by seclusion and self. The community stretches as far as you front door, anything else is no man's land.

The only time you leave your door open (always a myth of the community), your neighbour is likely to hot foot it as with your video.

What hope is there for those whose individuality and personality are trapped in Slough? Escape. Slough is beyond salvation. Why else does Slough have such excellent transport facilities? So you can make a quick getaway. That is my realisation, the hope that stops me from bombing Queensmere. As soon as I can, I will be on the M4, Network South-East, any method of escape, and all that will be left will be a cloud of dust thrown up by the workmen laying cable T.V.

Thomas Morton



Paul Phillips

FALL ELSEWHERE

Come friendly bombs and fall elsewhere,
But please don't fall on Slough, so fair.
For I for one cannot see how,
Anyone could dislike Slough...

And which dim person would degrade
'Cause now we mock that comment made -
"Tinned fruit, tinned meat, tinned milk, tinned beans"
We'll send 'em out to Milton Keynes!

And talk of sport and sport again,
For old John's poem caused such pain,
At Wexham Road we've got Slough Town,
The football jewel in our town's crown.

Why do our homes have such a big price?
Someone must think Slough is nice.....
Cinemas, ice rinks, museums and such;
That's why our houses cost so much!

Come friendly bombs and fall on John,
'Cause we are glad that poem's gone.
And good old Slough has saved her face;
Here's a better poem to take its place.

Matthew Moore



Christina Lam

POSTCARD FROM BRAZIL

It was the middle of period 3, Monday 6th. June 1988, half term was over, I had just taught a double 5th. form lesson when I found myself in the darkened corridor by the caretaker's office wondering "what am I doing here?" At 7.30 that morning I had arrived at Terminal 4 and had been whisked into school to begin a new week. Fourteen and a half hours flying time, mostly through the night, and half-way up the world from Sao Paulo in Brazil had a most disorientating effect on my body. My last real recollection was that of a baking hot Sunday morning in the Pacaembu Stadium in Sao Paulo, a 16,000 crowd, live on TV, bands, flags, samba drums, and Socrates, Rivelino, Gilmar and many more Brazilian soccer stars of the past.

The phone call had come about 6 months before - "We have been invited to Brazil to celebrate the centenary of Sao Paulo Athletic Club, the Corinthians Paulista will also be involved. We shall be taking the 1st. XI and a veterans XI - would you like to come?" There was only one answer of course. I had played most of my senior amateur soccer for the Corinthian Casuals F.C., the most famous amateur soccer team in the country, former amateur cup winners, which had been formed from the amalgamation of The Corinthians and The Casuals in the 1930's. In the early part of this century the Corinthians were famous for touring the world spreading the game of football. From their tour to Brazil in 1910 emerged the Corinthians Paulista F.C.; S.P.A.C. were already in existence. The Corinthians Paulista have grown to be one of the most famous professional in South America, and number the likes of Pele, Rivelino, and Socrates amongst former stars.

The Corinthians Vets XI, the club 1st. XI also went along, was an accumulation of former GB players, England amateur internationals, an England youth player, and others (me included). It was an honour indeed to be in such exalted company and it has always been a delight to play with such accomplished footballers. To tour as a Corinthian and to wear the Chocolate and Pink tie (you may have seen it!) is an honour in amateur soccer reserved for but a few.

What does one expect when one not only crosses the Atlantic for the first time but also the Equator and heads for the Third World? Brazil a country of runaway inflation, rampant street violence, and the biggest AIDS problem outside the USA. Sao Paulo (pronounced "San" in Portugese) airport at first is very modern, but then the first strange thing - here you can buy in the duty free shops on the way INTO Brazil, not as every other country in the world, only on the way out. And Sao is big, very big, the biggest city in South America with a population impossible to count because of street dwellers, and the very poor who live in tin hut cities called fvellas which fall down the sides of any available hillside or rubbish tip. Then to our hotel, right in the city centre on the edge of "bandit country" (and bandits do carry guns in Brazil) - this was going to be interesting.

The city itself is modern , crowded, but not too disheartening and our first night was a magnificent welcoming dinner at S.P.A.C. headquarters. The club was originally formed to cater for the needs of expatriates who were making fortunes out of coffee and beef - many have now made their pile and the lifestyle of S.P.A.C. members shows why many will never leave this life of luxury to return to the cramped cities of Europe. The city centre club in its magnificence catered for tennis, squash, fives, swimming, eating and drinking, and out of the city a sports complex looks after soccer, rugby, cricket, swimming and more eating and drinking. From that first evening it was clear that we were to be treated as very honoured guests indeed. We had special functions at the British Cultural Institute, the Corinthians Paulista Club and a magnificent day, sponsored by Barclays Bank, at an indescribable beach resort near Santos. Everywhere we went we saw the real style of colonial life - but this of course is only one half of a Cruzado coin, the flip-side I'll describe later.

And then on to the final game - billed by the press and TV as "Father and Son", the Corinthians of London against the Corinthians Paulista of Brazil. For two days we had been followed around by TV cameras, an unnerving experience when you're trying to buy something in a shop and not speaking the language. The press hype was incredible; TV adverts and massive press coverage and the game was to be free entrance to all for this auspicious occasion. And so to the ground - Socrates met us at our hotel and travelled with us - he really was going to play, and so was Rivelino, Ze Maria (I have his shirt), Gilmar, Vladimir, Romeu, World Cup winners all. Then to walk out into the 60,000 capacity stadium alongside Gilmar, twice World Cup winning goalkeeper, into the massive roars of welcome the Brazilians gave to their heroes of yesteryear. Throughout the game flags waved and the samba bands played to inspire the silky skills of Rivelino and although we had our chances it was left to the real master, Socrates, to seal the home victory with a 20 yard shot after 19 minutes. The game over it was a mad rush to change, a push through the thousands of waiting fans, and coach to the airport for the afternoon flight to London, and away - carrying the losers trophy, a huge gold cup.

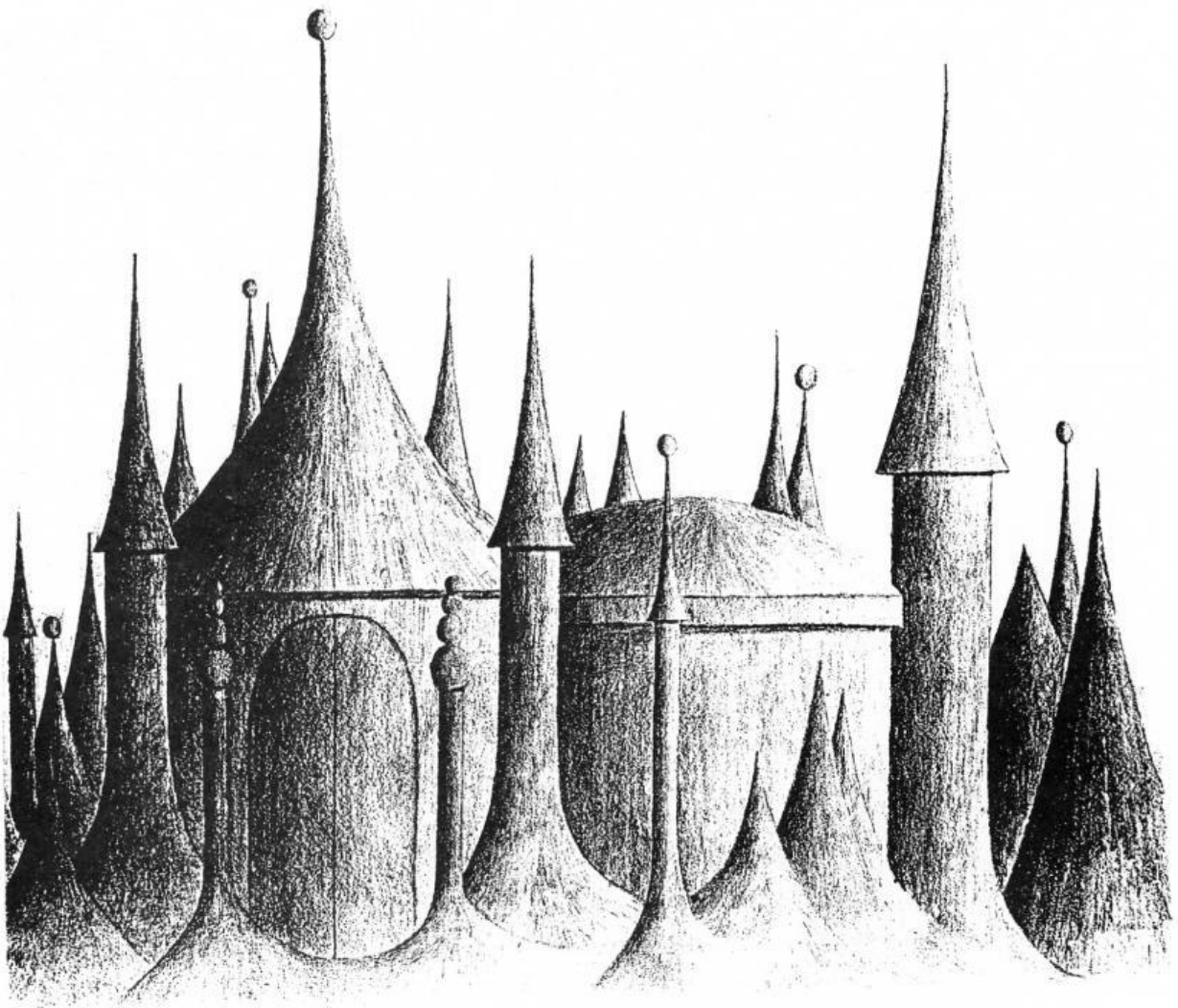
But I have made no mention yet of the real impact Brazil has on a 10 day visitor. The poor are everywhere. In the bar across the road from our hotel we would be beset by barefoot beggars collecting small change in yoghurt pots picked up in the gutter. Looking out of our hotel window over the Avenida Iparanga in the morning shop doorways are filled with sleeping children covered in newspapers, boxes, or old rags; street kids aged six and up with no parents or homes who exist in exclusive gangs and live by stealing, begging from tourists, or shoe-shining on street corners. Those who have a place to go live in the favellas so cramped that two people can barely pass between the rows of tin huts and there is no such thing as sanitation. Yet amidst these tin huts it is not uncommon to see a bare, flat piece of earth and a group of youngsters enjoying a game of soccer.

Chaos rules everywhere, from the traffic (most cars run on alcohol - exhaust fumes can be intoxicating), to the money where the black market exchange rate is published in the daily paper, and to the bandits. Whilst emerging from a shop I heard a loud bang from a pistol

at which point a queue of people on the pavement opposite leapt almost as one into a shop doorway; a man had dropped something and was running at full tilt down the hill and away. The hold-up may, opt may not, have been a success but it mattered little to the locals who just got back in line and patiently waited for the next bus.

Oh - on a day off from soccer three of us took the shuttle flight from Sao Paulo to Rio, reckoned to be the third most beautiful city in the world and every bit justifying that rating. To watch the lights of Rio come up from the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain with the statue of Christ the Redeemer on the highest peak and Copocabana beach below is a sight none should miss: but Rio could be a complete story in itself - so maybe another time.

S. Inger



Paul Phillips.

UP - UP - UPTON AND AWAY

Holidays! Shall I recline, lobster pink on tropic sand, or struggle, breath-gasping to the rocky peaks to survey, God-like, the map below? No. This year the vista stretches to an uncleaned kitchen cupboard or the scraped wall awaiting paper. But mental challenges will not be lacking. Pristine shiny files in coloured livery, courtesy of the DES, await my scrutiny. Who would waste money tripping abroad when, for free, an exciting exploration of the National Curriculum beckons?

S. McCormack

Can you imagine scrambling enough eggs for 120? At 7.30 in the morning? On holiday? In Basingstoke? No? Well, that's what I'll be doing for 10 days of my holiday. The 120 are ravenous teenagers doing sport all day and learning about the Christian Faith in the evening. Wayne Dixon (he of the funny assemblies) dragged me along last year and I had such fun that I'm doing it again.

Mrs. Lambert

I have always been a travel fanatic, even as a small boy, when the excitement of a holiday trip would invariably make me sick! Although the more leisurely pace of the past had its attractions - the heart's leap, for example, as, peering out from the couchette-window of the night train from Calais, you caught your first glimpse of the wonder of the Alps - I cannot wait to rush off to join today's thronging crowds at Heathrow or Gatwick. So far this year I have been in Berlin, Paris, Luxembourg and Geneva and in the summer I hope to revisit the Soviet Union and ride on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

Mr. Rogers

In 1983 I had my first "adventure holiday", travelling by train to Moscow, via Berlin and Warsaw, in the days when the "Iron Curtain" was firmly down.

In August I hope to visit Russia again; this time flying to Moscow and returning via Leningrad - but - the exciting part - between the two travelling on the Trans-Siberian Railway to Lake Baikal.

Shall I make it before the U.S.S.R comes crashing down around Mr. Gorbachev's ears? If so, it will fulfill one of my long-held ambitions, to visit one of the last great wilderness areas on earth, before it finally vanishes under man's assault!

Mrs. Bowater

G'day Cobbers! It's no secret that I'm taking the sheila down-under this year, and I'm not coming the raw prawn. Her folks are in Oz, so we've planned a dinki-di trip to the land of "XXXX" and 'roos.

Our blueys are packed, so reckon she'll be right, and no whingeing from you Poms left behind! Just rustle up a barbie in the arvo and stand on your heads - then with a bit of imagination, you're there!

Mr. Cullingworth

My boyhood holidays were spent religiously at Mr. and Mrs. Barrow's Guest House in Lytham St. Anne's and at my Aunt's flat in Glasgow. The first week was spent playing football and cricket on the beach, swimming in the "heated" outdoor pool, destroying my father at crazy golf and losing as convincingly as possible at tennis to Mr. and Mrs. Barrow's daughter. Then it was up the M6 and A74 to Glasgow to see Aunt Margaret. Here, the afore-mentioned Goddess of the Tennis Court paled slightly in my affections when placed alongside pilgrimages to Ibrox Park, Robert Burns' Cottage and the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.

They were indeed happy times and I still see a Bucket and Spade before me when my parents set off on the road to Scotland on the first Saturday in August. But this year it's Italy for me and I will revisit Florence and Lake Como; sample the delicious food and wine and take in the wonderful scenery of Tuscany. And, should the opportunity arise, any free time will be spent losing as many games as possible on the tennis court!

Mr. Johnston

A cabin by the lake - screen doors slamming - timeless days that fade into twilight and fireflies - barefeet and bathing suit all day long - cook outs on the beach - floating on the lake gazing up at the mountains - that's summer for me! I'm off to enjoy two weeks in "the great outdoors." I hope the muskrat that lives under the dock is still there, and the eagle that hunts along the shore, and I know I'll hear the cry of the loon and see a hummingbird - and I haven't forgotten the mosquitoes! But.....nothing's perfect!

Mrs. Hurst

I can imagine the advert in the brochure: Accomodation comprising bedroom, sleeping two adults and large dog, kitchen, dining room, living room and bathroom, all in one compact 5'2" x 5'4" x 8'6" cabin. All mod.cons:-solid fuel range, paraffin lamp, washing up bowl and 2 gallon fresh water can. Separate drying room and toilet (porta-potty) in company with a noisy 185hp, 2 cylinder diesel engine. Shower provided at no extra cost by watering can in the hold.

Basic? Yes; but this is our 35' replica working boat, similar to those on which the boat people raised families, lived and worked their entire lives. For me it's a holiday; happily chugging along at 3mph down one of Britain's Inland Waterways for a week or so - the fastest way I know of slowing down.

What does the boat look like? Watch the National Power adverts carefully and you may find out!

Mrs. Sullivan

I've just made a small calculation and realized what good value a ten year passport can be. Since 1981 mine has been used so much that it has cost me only around five pence per border crossing. Thank goodness les douaniers don't stamp them anymore!

Most of my travels these days are relatively spontaneous but there's a good chance that I will visit some hitherto unexplored areas of the DDR. We almost always camp when abroad - winter or summer - and I'm told it is the best way in the Eastern European countries as the hotels are so rough, or rare.

Earlier in the vacation, when my son's German exchange partner has returned to Paderborn, we will probably take the Bouneville to Brittanny. I'm looking forward to climbing some Breton granite and hearing some of the Welsh-like language. I also hope to get the dinghy out a little further this year!

Mr. Clover.

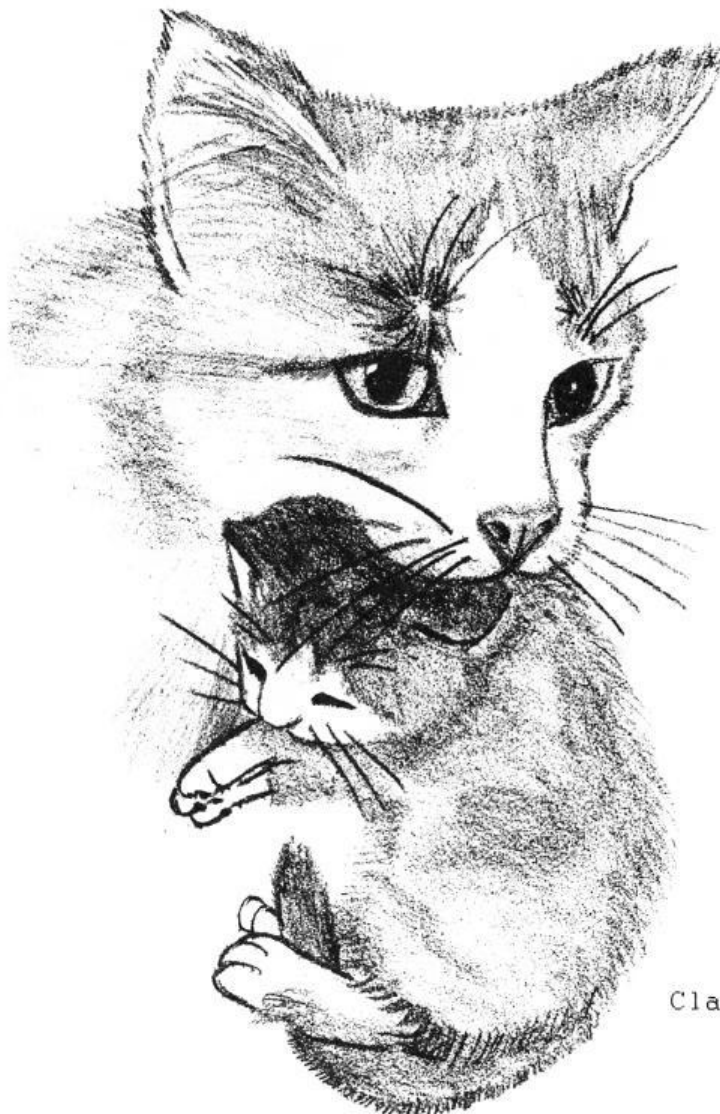
The assassination of Franz Ferdinand in June 1914 sparked off the First World War. However a visit to his country home at Kanopiste in Czechoslovakia showed me a different side of the Archduke - Franz Ferdinand the Assassin!

The Archduke bought Kanopiste in 1887, to provide his family with an estate where they could be together away from the court. Konopiste was surrounded by hundreds of acres of parkland and forests. These provided Franz Ferdinand with wide opportunities for hunting. In his triumphs there and elsewhere Franz Ferdinand killed approximately 300,000 animals.

According to the traditions of the age, the trophies were mounted and dated. These were then hung in corridor after corridor, room after room at Konopiste. The resulting effect would provide good footage for a horror movie.

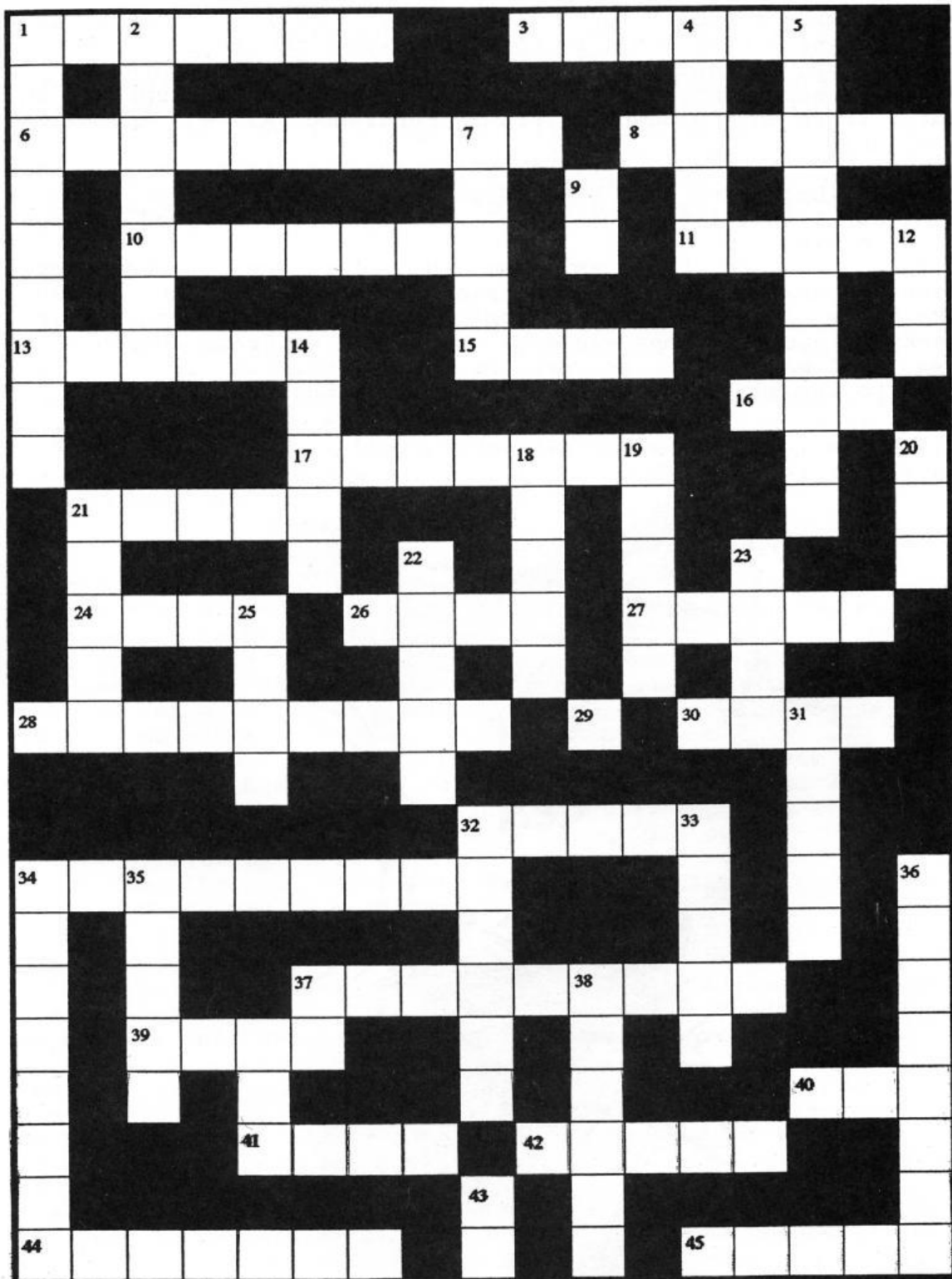
These ghoulish trophies seem out of place on Kanopiste, a pleasant sunny castle. It has a splendid terrace, sloping gardens and a lake below. It was a great delight to see today many squirrels and peacocks, presumably they would have suffered at Franz Joseph's hands. One squirrel was nesting between the double windows in the gallery leading to the gun collection - a small retribution!

Mrs. Toms




Clare Bampton 3GR

Music Crossword



DOWN

- 1) A German composer.(9)
- 2) The higher voice of the ladies.(7)
- 4) Plays the alto part amongst the string section.(5)
- 5) Speech.(10)
- 7) A play with music.(5)
- 9) A name I call myself.(2)
- 12) Fifth note of the scale.(3)
- 14) Eight of these in one octave.(5)
- 18) Soft.(5)
- 19) This sign is written over a stave.(5)
- 20) Makes note half as long again.(3)
- 21) Loud.(5)
- 22) The ----- of silence.(5)
- 23) Song.(4)
- 25)  (4)
- 31) Harmony.(5)
- 32) Composed marriage of Figaro.(6)
- 33) Much.(5)
- 34) Reeded instrument.(8)
- 35) -----notes in a scale.(5)
- 36) Markings to indicate changes in mood and tempo.(8)
- 37) Very softly.(2)
- 38) Seven of these on a grand piano.(6)
- 43) Not soft, not loud.(2)

ACROSS

- 1) The largest woodwind instrument.(7)
- 3) Half a crotchet.(6)
- 6) These markings are at the beginning of a score.(10)
- 8) Our school choir has fine -----.(6)
- 10) Slow.(7)
- 11) The lower of the ladies voices.(5)
- 13) The smallest stringed instrument.(6)
- 15) To play with a bow.(4)
- 16) Gradually getting slower.(3)
- 17) A brass instrument.(7)
- 21) The Magic-----.(5)
- 26) Silence.
- 26) An instrument in the brass section.(4)
- 27) Opposite of presto.(5)
- 28) Line used to write middle "C" on.(9)
- 29) German B flat. (1)
- 32) He composed a lot of music for the organ.
- 32) Note worth two beats.(5)
- 34) To gradually get louder.(9)
- 37) Singer of Italian World Cup tune taken from famous opera.(9)
- 39) Largest solo stringed instrument.(4)
- 40) Dying away.(3)
- 41) The original scale.(4)
- 42) Not minor.(5)
- 44) Percussion instrument.(7)
- 45) Rhythm and -----.(5)

Tina Knee LVI





Find all the teachers listed below in the wordsearch. You may go backwards, forwards, diagonally, up and down.

. M . X . L . A . S . R . O . L . Y . A . T . S . R . M .
. Y . R . V . I . W . S . D . C . I . R . C . S . R . H .
. R . E . S . Z . I . L . B . T . E . K . E . S . Z . Q .
. H . V . O . B . M . T . U . B . T . I . W . A . H . E .
. Y . O . X . E . R . M . M . J . V . A . S . C . B . M .
. R . L . A . O . W . A . B . A . R . G . F . E . Y . D .
. O . C . D . V . L . R . D . E . R . P . B . H . S . R .
. W . R . C . S . M . R . S . B . R . O . W . N . M . G .
. G . M . R . S . M . C . T . S . R . U . H . S . R . M .
. N . M . O . L . N . W . E . I . G . O . Y . O . Z . O .
. I . A . Q . A . E . K . M . R . S . J . O . N . E . S .
. L . L . E . W . O . P . R . M . L . X . L . K . A . O .
. L . P . M . R . S . S . W . A . N . N . H . T . E . M .
. U . A . W . O . J . C . O . C . M . U . E . N . C . A .
. C . L . B . X . S . M . O . T . S . R . M . F . N . S .
. R . Y . N . M . O . F . V . O . D . U . S . I . B . R .
. M . I . S . S . M . C . N . A . B . B . R . N . D . M .

Mrs. Bradbrook

Mrs. Lambert

Miss McNabb

Mr. Cullingworth

Mrs. Swann

Mrs. Ware

Mrs. Hurst

Mrs. Toms

Mrs. Brown

Mrs. Jones

Mr. Clover

Mrs. Amos

Mr. Davies

Mr. Powell

Mrs. Taylor

Emma Sparrow 25

PRIZE WINNERS 1989/90

3GRAY	Amarjot Hyare	Kieron Kenny
3HAMPDEN	Pauljit Hira	Bhupinder Klair
3HERSCHEL	Shazir Bashir	Emma Cook
3MILTON	Maninder Johal	Harbinder Dev
4GRAY	Denise Shailer	Lakhan Basi
4HAMPDEN	Narinder Basra	Tara Donovan
4HERSCHEL	Monica Shrivastava	Vidutta Sharma
4MILTON	Claire Lamkin	Navinder Brar
5GRAY	Caroline Mahon	Arvinder Mangat
5HAMPDEN	Shazra Hasan	Quaiser Malik
5HERSCHEL	Louise Barnett	Darrell Woodward
5MILTON	Alister Curran	Mantej Dhatt

G.C.S.E. ACHIEVEMENT PRIZES

Stephen Betts,
Kavit Dhingra,
Kay Fullick,
Claire Mansfield,
Toby Parlour
Simon Reader
Sanjeev Verma

SIXTH FORM SUBJECT PRIZES

Modern Languages	Matthew Perret
Maths	Richard Howes
English	Adrian English
History	Alex Goody
Geography	Elizabeth Osborne
Chemistry	Sumant Sharma
Biology	Anil Verma
Physics	Michael Jewell
Economics	Steven Horsfield
Business Studies	Geoffrey Rowley
Computer Studies	David Murphy
Ancient History	Julie Barnett
Latin	Miriam Frederickson

SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

Vivien Thorpe Mark Turner

HEAD BOY	Gurdeep Biring
HEAD GIRL	Leigh Mason

UNIVERSITY, POLYTECHNIC & COLLEGE ACCEPTANCES

Harwinder Bains	Economics & Accounting	Bristol University
Julie Barnett	English & German	Sunderland Polytechnic
Gurdeep Biring	Medicine	Charing Cross, London
Manu Chhokra	Computer Science	Polytechnic of Wales
Gino Coccia	Physics	University Coll. London
John Cunningham	English	Queen's University, Belfast
Kuljit Dhesi	Pharmacy	Kings College, London
Jagdeep Duhra	Electrical & Electronic Engineering	
Edward Dunin-Wasowicz	Mechanical Engineering	Imperial College, London
David Ellis	Economics	Imperial College, London
Juliet Fowler	Agriculture	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Miriam Fredrickson	French & Spanish	Merist Wood College
Anita Goel	Accountancy	Southampton University
Alexandra Goody	English	Thames Valley College
Steven Horsfield	Economics & Econometrics	York University
Richard Howse	Mathematics	Nottingham University
Michael Jewell	Electronic Engineering	Warwick University
Parinder Johal	Medicine	York University
Giles Kent	Land Management	Charing Cross, London
Andrew Kipping	Sports Science & Geography	Kingston Polytechnic
Kiran Makhija	Applied Biology	St. Mary's College
Mark Manly	Art Foundation	Liverpool Polytechnic
Leigh Mason	Business Studies	Buckinghamshire College HE
Heather Moyes	Nursing	Christ Church, Canterbury
David Murphy	Economics	St. Bartholomew's, London
Elizabeth Osborne	History & Sociology	Swansea University
Matthew Perret	Languages	Manchester University
Neil Ringrose	Theology	Queens College, Oxford
Geoffrey Rowley	Accountancy	Hull University
Anita Sharma	Mathematics	Ealing College
Sumant Sharma	Mathematics	City University
Amarjit Sidhu	Accountancy	Imperial College, London
Rupesh Srivastava	Microelectronics	Thames Valley College
Vivien Thorpe	Ecological Studies	Royal Holloway Coll. London
Annabel Trebski	French & Latin	Bedford College, London
Parmjit Kang	Biology	Exeter University
Mark Turner	B. Ed.	Kings College, London
Anil Verma	Medicine	Leeds Polytechnic
Philip Wainman	Physics	Charing Cross, London
		Bath University

